Poems (Drafts)

- Brian Edwards

I may be
one whose voice
is heard
upon galleons
out at sea
I am pretending
that I have
annihilated
my regrets
I have been
exiled
to the city
that lies
just under
the Sun
far out there
on the plateau
of mystical ice
just under
the Sun

***

- 1/26/2026

Tonight
listening
to the
howling wind
of the stars
listening
to the echoes
of distant
civilizations
on my radio
listening
to the passage
of time
century after
century
the world
has changed
yet I feel
that I belong
to no particular
place in time
by day
I must toil
in this world
of aspirations
and disappointments
by night
my spirit
is free to fly
to the stars
of the Seven Sisters

***

- 1/26/2026

It is a night
of ice
in January
the Moon feels
far away
I prefer
the nights
when the Moon
is full
bright
and feels
a little closer
if only
I could step away
from all
the madness
down here
and escape
to the Sea
of Tranquility
or the
Sea of Rains
or the
Sea of Clouds
if only
for a single night
just to
quiet the mind
to calm the soul
it's been
a little crazy
down here
and I long
to be exiled
to the
lunar seas

***

- 1/26/2026

Some of these
dreams of ours
have fallen
out of our pockets
onto the icy ground
if we deliberately
stop dreaming
then we'll
no longer
be recognized
as dreamers
and destiny
will take
its bountiful
harvest
someplace else
we should not
allow this
to happen
we must allow
dreaming
to possess us
even if it be
like a sea
of mad endeavor
we must
unfurl our sails
and allow
the wind of dreams
to guide us
to shores
where we've
never been
we must see this
as the hopeful
purpose
we have longed for
we must see this
as the path ahead
where a thousand
and then
a thousand more
dawns of tomorrow
await

*** - 1/27/2026

A morning
of cruel fate
the car won't start
ice is everywhere
the parking lot
of my apartment
resembles
a Siberian tundra
the gods
of mythology
up in the clouds
look down
with indifference
I've been
too doubtful
of their existence
in my life
I suppose
fate can be cruel
bad luck
can be cruel
ice can be cruel
and the gods
of mythology
may not
grant you
any favors
if you haven't been
much of
a believer

***

- 1/27/2026

They do not
follow me
nor do I
follow them
there is
living proof
of something
remarkable
out there
where the streets
are becoming
ancient streets
we move forward
towards
a threshold
that once
seemed to us
without explanation
yet now we are
reminded
that excessive pride
can bring about
the fall
concerning matters
of the stars
our imagination
is similar
to the cycles
of a tide
when the Moon
is bright
and full
we await
dream visitations
we await
the appearance
of a lunar mirage
it will disappear
before our eyes
and reappear
when the song
of the Moon lark
is heard

***

- 1/28/2026

Some days
are lost
to the daydreams
of lizards
some days
are lost
to the madness
that feeds
the wind
sometimes
there's a sanctuary
to be found
even if
it's only
temporary
sometimes
there's no
sanctuary at all
and you
encounter
the cold wind
with all of
its memories
once more
some days
seem almost sane
compared
to others
some days
you are told
to step in line
and move along
some days
you step
out of line
sit down
on a park bench
and release
your cares
to the
passing clouds

***

- 1/28/2026

Carry us away
flight of thoughts
from these
envenomed words
that fill
the very air
of our once
sensible domain
now these
dark vines
grow and ascend
devouring
the very walls
of our sanctuary
what reversal
is there
to be formed
when our once
blind yet strong
faith
is lost to so many
whims of
bitter division
send us hence
and with mercy
to where
picturesque clouds
and rays
of Sunlight
invite us
to the bliss
of days
bound with
fellowship
sing to us
you meadow reeds
drunk upon
a spring breeze

***

- 1/28/2026

Hades
playing the old
tricks on me
on a night
of iguanas
and bat wings
just as I was
beginning
to dream
a new dream
bestowed by
a passing comet
all around me
a plateau
of thorns
above an albatross
is soaring
though I am
not exactly
that close
to the sea
I have a sudden
vision
of a vase
that brings back
many memories
centuries
of memories
and I am waiting
for the snow
and ice
to melt
this will be
in vain I fear
a lantern seen
through the fog
of a year
times one hundred

***

- 1/28/2026

Let us
allow ourselves
to drift away
to places
that would
enchant
the ancient
astronomer
it's not always
an easy thing
to do
yet it is
an ability
that can be
acquired
through years
of patient
contemplation
and perhaps
a little madness
from time
to time
though that
simply goes
with the
territory
it cannot
be avoided
for such things
have their place
in this world
for the time being
yet just as
the seasons change
the weather changes
the appearance
of things changes
so can worlds change
and one need
not be
an ancient astronomer
to become
so enchanted

***

- 1/29/2026

Trying to pull
the next line
out of vapor
they fly
around me
like doves
of a bygone age
how was I
to know
that the madness
would spread
so quickly
we create it
we send it out
into the atmosphere
it finds us again
when we're sleeping
or when we hold
false beliefs
about the republic
the next line
may offer up
some clarity
or it may not
seasons change
oil tankers
sail off
into the Sunrise
on the Spanish Main
behold
the immaculate
marble balconies
of the well-to-do
my balcony
is made of wood
and nails
upon it
I can see
a few streets over
if I'm facing west
and I know
that the stars
will shine
in the heavens above
New Jersey tonight
*** - 1/29/2026

The great
unraveling
continues
day after day
the old way
has been lost
many a new way
has already been
discarded
a middle path
has been
dreamt of
yet seems
too unattainable
the wrong way
has been
given the most
funding of all
new and enormous
corporations
emerge
from the sea
like the Kraken
I lost my way
gazing upon
the stars too much
I've always preferred
astronomy
over geopolitics

***

- 1/29/2026

The cold ... cold
winters night
has all but
frozen
my imagination
my visionary
thoughts
become ice
in mere moments
this time
of year
this season
of a witch's
soliloquy
still I move about
under these stars
of crystalline
perfection
still I hold
strong belief
in an oasis
of summer
still I wish
and long
to hear
an owl recite
some Ovid
miraculous
miraculous be
the truth
of the once fallen
now reincarnated leaf
I know
this winter's song
harshness
harshness with
a touch of glaring
morning light

***

- 1/30/2026

What was I
to do
the world was
as mad
as a Bedlam sparrow
if you simply
breathed in
any of that
atmosphere
well then
you may
have soon found
yourself
floating up
to meet Icarus
as German
Zeppelins
of The Great War
pass by
overhead
on their way
to the dockyard
we send up
hot lead
they send down
some potato mashers
the cycle
of dreadful machines
carries on
a colorful sky
of twilight
inspires
those that can
still feel
a trace of
that old magic
in the wind

***

- 1/30/2026

I found
a way
to escape
from the world
and to disappear
into the Sunlight
for awhile
and there
there is the dream
I've always known
there is
the dream
that I've
always wished
to connect with
and so
I can feel
a strong ability
to become
enchanted
by that fiery
radiance
that brings forth
creation

***

- 1/30/2026

A star shining
above
the immaculate
ice palace
symmetries
and alignments
beyond
our comprehension
abound
up there
amidst rings
of stardust
we who are here
under constellations
if we gaze
closely
and patiently
there is a chance
that we
shall feel
within us
the essence
of an ancient time
let such be
wished for
and anointed
by our thoughts

***

- 1/30/2026

The rug
has been
pulled out
from under
our feet
what the hell?
we keep
asking ourselves
lied to
deceived
betrayed
combine them all
and it still doesn't
measure up
are we living
in a time when
sadistic emperors
are out to rule
the world
the corruption
has now
spilled out
into everything
you open
your front door
and it just might
hit you
in the face
prey for us all
all the saints
the good
by nature
the regretful
sinners
and the
hopeless drunks
some kind
of judgement day
may be
happening soon
prey for us
you who still
long to hear
the voice
of an angel

*** - 1/30/2026

This is
a sonnet
without
a purpose
which makes it
not much
of a sonnet
at all
in truth
yet poetry
doesn't require
truth
it is not
a prerequisite
so if I wish
to call it
a sonnet anyway
there won't be
much fuss
or bother
a few may question
my understanding
of sonnets
and poetry
at large
and they are
entitled
to their opinions
I am simply
grateful
for the freedom
to be
misleading
with words

***

- 1/31/2026

These venoms
in the air
they do
possess us all
in moments thus
to breathe flames
and to curse
these occurrences
of harsh times
though we
repent and grieve
and find
new determination
still the Sunset
finds our weary eyes
hope .... where
is hope
in this realm
in this hour
where serpents ascend
amidst the city fog
the wind
carries such longing
for truth
to shine
like a solar tempest
how are we
to believe at all
when tongues speak
as cold as frost
night .... night
make us believe
once again
in the salvation
of your embrace

***

- 1/30/2026

Let us wait
a little while
and hope
to be free
of the tempest
may we find
ourselves soon
in summer gardens
just after a rain
balancing
the hope for reality
with all of
the other realities
that is
a tricky thing
sometimes
in the winter
I feel the passage
of time
with more intensity
when I long
to feel
the warmth
of the Sun again
I long to be free
of these days
when much
of my soul
feels frozen
when my
reflections
become icicles
when my
aspirations
move forth
so little
much like
a frozen pond

***

- 1/31/2026

Sometimes
the years
seem like roses
the vivid
red beauty
the vivid sharpness
of thorns
the perfection
of a perfect stem
sometimes
the years
seem so
masterfully
conceived
by a cosmic
clockmaker
these moments
of inspiring diamonds
adrift
between stars
and while
they do not
stay with us
there is always
consolation
to be found
in knowing
that we will
encounter them again

***

- 1/31/2026

Though the havoc
be entwined
with the
morning air
I shall
at this
first light
imagine my soul
upon a thousand
different worlds
I have been made
weary by the times
yet emboldened
by the silence
that like a shroud
covers our perception
days when
the jackals
be but jackals
when the doves
are seen
yet forgotten
by so many
to scatter them
these thoughts
of mine
yet I know
that they
would return
to me
like bats
in the Moonlight
the vision
of a journey
I behold
when I shall walk
upon ground
of sacred memory

***

- 1/31/2026

I speak
through the fog
in the harbor
I recite
a few verses
I send
a few poems
across the water
the Sun
has just
risen here
it is night
on the other side
of the world
the stars
are out
in the sky
over mystical
cities afar
the social order
somewhat
fragile
these days
I walk in circles
around
a very old
obelisk
and I don't
mess around
with alchemy
anymore
star gazers
far away
await the return
of the Sun
I'm awaiting
the return
of the Moon
we are all
waiting
for our muse

***

- 2/1/2026

Didn't you know
about
the sixty-six
marauders
didn't you hear
how they
sacrificed
their freedom
for reciting
seditious lines
seditious
is a general term
the governing
body politic
likes to employ
the apparatus
of machines
and closed door
meetings
high level
the world
is an oyster
on their table
for them
seditious
verse speaking
is a gateway
offense
it could lead
to bigger things
mutiny
insurrection
guerrilla warfare
sometimes
these things occur
because poets
managed
to sneak in
sneak up
and drop some lines
in a town square
from a balcony
or from a rooftop
high up there
with the pigeons

***

Take the
amusing thing
from my sight
it has
no place here
not now
given the
circumstances
can't you see
laughter
has been exiled
driven off
cast into
a category
that makes it
undesirable
here now
remove it
if you would
kind fellow
for both of us
we shall live now
under the shadow
of something
not so much
known to us
how we have
waited
for the dawn
that shall
set us free
yet for now
do not laugh
for laughter
has been made
punishable
by the house
of so many
chandeliers

***

- 2/1/2026

Speak
nothing here
unless it be
born of
the lantern light
of old Socrates
himself
very rare
very rare indeed
very unlikely
to appear
before us now
we have drifted
too far
down the
radio dial
we begin
to see the sky
change to its
colors of twilight
we know
that night
is also there
lurking
it cannot
be long now
yet speak
nothing of it
speak nothing
for they may
overhear

***

- 2/1/2026

I'm following
the line of sight
I have been
to the edge
of the horizon
I have
wandered off
searching for
the lost city
how it was
ever lost
I don't know
yet old maps
do tell tales
some people
have experienced
a new beginning
I never did
I have found
nothing new
I have found
nothing
rejuvenated
or reincarnated
everything
I stumble upon
is older
back from the days
of wisdom
and endurance
back in the days
of troubadours
strolling down
the muddy roads
trying to keep
the verses
glowing with
the fire
of inspiration

***

- 2/1/2026

The crow sings
its song of omens
we listen
yet what
can be changed
many an abyss
does not
seek the stranger
yet fate's breath
upon the wind
may bring about
a tragic encounter
the sparrow sings
of love
that is now
only memory
the thorn
of a rose
may still
draw blood
to honor
such reminiscence
here in the
brighter
light of morning
a tapestry
seems the sky
to me
and what is
this world
but a stage
upon which
we ponder
as vexations
of obscured
meaning
dance about
unseen
in the mist
morning Sun
ascend to
the atmosphere's
throne
be my companion
that reveals
the way

*** - 2/1/2026

I know
a few songs
that can never
be sung
by any other
for they are of
a time
still to be
and the moments
of these
winter days
seem to freeze
when my senses
are sharp enough
to perceive
so feel the light
of the distant Sun
as much
as you can
while daylight hours
are at hand
think not of time
perceived
in a dream
of summer
when you awaken
the truth will be
as a cold wind
and you may seek
something other
than truth
once again

***

- 2/2/2026

Went out
into the desert
saw a mirage
of a clown show
when I got
a little closer
I realized
I wasn't
in the desert
and the clown show
wasn't a mirage
I recognized
the place
and the clown show
from television
was it news
or the blues
though often enough
the blues
is the news
yes ... sometimes
they fuse
they are made
into one
story to tell
and yesterday
for a little while
I thought
this was all Hell
but then
I realized
the truth
then after
I went to
the dentist
because of
a broken tooth

***

- 2/2/2026

Do you
not see
the one
the two
the five
calamities
up the road
ahead
sharpen
your vision
you'll be
seeing
them there
do you
see them
where the crows
are gathered
in the
surrounding trees
give me
a taste
of night
give me
a taste
of immortality
give me
a violin
and a tune
to play
I want
a future time
to know
I lived
I experienced magic
I beheld wonders
with my own
two eyes

***

- 2/3/2026

Behold
the rising Sun
as dreams fade
back to where
astrology exist
in beautiful
clarity
a new day begins
in this world
of the leopard
the iguana
the political crisis
do not so quickly
dismiss a snail
or a mouse
or a countryside
from which
one hears
a wind chime
it has certainly
seen better days
yet haven't we all

***

- 2/3/2026

It's turning out
to be quite
a messy situation
the truly sad
part is
it didn't
have to be
this way
history doesn't
stay silent
as we approach
an abyss
history often does
cry out
with a warning
yet too often
we're not paying
close enough
attention
or we mistakenly
believe
that we have
a greater understanding
than we actually do
we expect that
this time
will be different
as we have
evolved so much
from before
a little bird
of vanity
sings in our ears
sweet songs
sweet melodies
as the true scale
of the abyss
is revealed
at the very edge
at the very
last moment

***

- 2/3/2026

The statues
with stone eyes
don't weep
for us anymore
the well
of mercy
has run dry
Apollo
is hurling
lightning bolts
down at our feet
will nothing
grab our attention
for long enough
to receive
and understand
a great omen
a thicket of thorns
lies before us
horizon to horizon
the stings
the pain
the blood
just may
be enough
to wake
us up to
this reality
perhaps
hopefully
this is so
otherwise
the crows
will fly off
and we'll never
see them again

***

- 2/3/2026

The crown
fell upon
the marble floor
and no one bothered
to pick it up
destiny whispers
in gust of wind
the chances given
were wasted
upon indulgence
the crown
lies there
abandoned
by the unworthy
the eclipse
has been foreseen
here the flowers
do tell a lie
by their
outward appearance
the beauty seen
us but illusion
the crown
has fallen
and with it
all devotion
to its memory

***

- 2/3/2026

Anointed
by the hourglass
compelled
to break away
from the world
and all of its
shadows of mistrust
the vines
reaching up
towards
the balcony
there to be seen
in the Moonlight
I admit
I was feeling
a little despair
at the lack
of imagination
around here
anymore
some winters
are more
like spring
this winter
has been
mainly ice
and cold wind
we are told
what to believe
yet that ship
has already sailed
sailed
and been lost
in a storm
of contradictions
our own ideas
about having
our own ideas
has been
intentionally
manipulated
was nothing
ever sacred

***

- 2/3/2026

So we sing on
while there are
still songs
left to sing
while there is
still time
to sing
for perhaps
one day soon
there will be
no time at all
perhaps soon
there will be
no mood left
to sing
things may not
inspire us
to sing
gloom
fog
factory machines
intelligence
that is
supposedly artificial
hours and hours
spent toiling away
for a system
that seems feudal
and very removed
from the light
so sing
sing all of
the songs
you remember
sing while
you still have
the heart
to do so

***

- 2/4/2026

All week
sad songs
have been filling
the airwaves
what a time
is this
what a time
so little
seems cut and dry
at least
in an honest way
deception
has spilled over
across many
boundaries
politburos
across the world
have been meeting
regularly
to discuss
the gloominess
of so many
occurrences
little of it
seems random
to me
some diabolical
minds
came up with
a scheme
at some point
only they seemed
to have forgotten
the eventual triumph
of karma
in the end
so it goes now
in a world
that has just
lost a little more
of its charm
for the time being

***

- 2/4/2026

These days
seem like
a blank page
to me
just fill it
with scribble
it need not
make sense
to myself
or to
anyone else
a blank page
is a thing
to be filled
that is why
it exist
the pen
can help
in the creation
of scribble
words need not
be restrained
set them free
and let them
do what
they will
tomorrow
has yet to appear
on the horizon
there is only
right now
so let the words
take flight
let them defy
explanation
let them
defy restraint
let them be
like a festival
of crows

***

- 2/4/2026

Wondering
what can be done
in the age
of the dark Sun
wondering
if we'll ever
be able
to get through
where the Sunflowers
have eyes
and they stare
back at you
waiting for
someone
anyone
to light
the candle
of truth
words were spoken
in the
very beginning
that foretold
of the epochs
that we would
pass through
I cannot
light the candle
for I am not
worthy to hold
the match
maybe it's you
or you
or you
you all seem
like fine
outstanding people
there's a match
let's see
what you can do
if your soul
be an honest one
then the candle
should light
just fine for you
but if you're

unworthy
there will be
no escape
from the vines
that will grow
and grow
and grow
until they've
found you
when you sleep
and grow
all around
your soul

***

- 2/4/2026

A dog barking
off in
the distance
a car
peeling away
down the road
echoes
of the past
bouncing
off the walls
in my
messy apartment
the snow
and ice
from last week
is still
lingering around
something
just feels off
the old vibes
just aren't
the same
maybe I'm
just slowing down
with age
but I suspect
that it has
more to do
with the
changing world
we were
at a crossroads
and we went
the wrong way
now in the dark
of night
I look out
my window
looking for
the fireflies
that aren't there
in the middle
of winter

***

- 2/4/2026

I was fortunate
to have
so many visions
while staring up
at a Full Moon
in my time
I am glad
that I took
advantage
of those
opportunities
these days
the visions
still appear
every so often
but age
has slowed
it all down
a few degrees
more often now
I go out
at night
I wander around
communicating
with Andromeda
telepathically
a rapport
has been established
and I am
very lucky
and grateful for it

***

- 2/4/2026

Take me
into the valley
of the shadow
of some Sunflowers
believe in magic
not because
any monarch
wills it
believe in it
for yourself
believe in
the great
immaculate
eternal
wisdom giving
old clock
out there
out somewhere
in the Universe
destiny has
included your name
in its book
of navigation
through time
I cannot
give away
the secret
that I've learned
through both
despair
and euphoria
by experience
out where
there are
crystalline
gardens and
flowers grown from
the dreams
of the stars

***

- 2/4/2026

Give me
no more
of your talk
that seems
to refer to
time already
departed
and now fading
into cosmic expanse
infinite
what do you seek
perhaps I sought it
once myself
how is this
could we
as different
as we are
once have had
thoughts
that were in
alignment
know this
what is possible
and what seems
impossible
each has
their own degree
of distant sound
what you know
appears to be
the truth
as your mind
wishes to see it
what you feel
to be a false
philosophy
may return again
out of crevices
and cupboards
out of
a future mist

***

- 2/5/2026

Along the edge
of the sea
is where I was
anointed by
the blue sky
and these sparks
that shoot out
of my imagination
like fireworks
lit in celebration
I celebrate
I celebrate
how my mind
can seem
to connect
with vast
inter-dimensional
expanse
as the seagulls
flew above
as the throne
of a king
or a queen
was to be seen there
on the beach
touched now
by ocean waves
by Poseidon's
breathing existence
I see this
as a sign
of the past
and the future
combined
anointed
as I was there
amidst blue sky
and salty wind

***

- 2/5/2026

I fall
five thousand
fathoms down
through
immaculate rain
would you
recognize
the crown
of Helios
if you saw it
I believe
that I would
ocean air
to me is
the essence
of time itself
it is that
which causes
the inner sight
to awaken
it creates
foundations
made out of
moments
and grains
of sand
each grain
of sand
is a moment
and a memory
a thousand
times a million
times one hundred
I have seen
waves
of cosmic light
with my own eyes
I have found
eternal solace
in the music
of the ocean

***

- 2/5/2026

Looking out
my window
at a world
I hardly
recognize
some essence
some mysterious
feeling
seems lost
something
we once
believed in
seems like
it was
driven away
and now
the days
fly by
yet still seem
to drag
on and on
a pendulum swings
a mirage
disappears
the hourglass
reveals
the time
propaganda
scrambles
the mind
over and over
divisions form
chasms form
an abyss
is out there
waiting to receive
the tired
and weary
from a land
that lost
its own soul
long ago

***

- 2/5/2026

Give us
something
to believe in
make it worth
a glimpse
at the hourglass
through the eye
of a needle
a kingdom
must pass
to be saved
now I will seek
that time
just before
the dawn
it is then
that my perception
is sharper
as the tide
of nightly dreams
begins to recede
soon
the morning birds
will sing
as the first
signs of day
are heralded
show me not
what will be
this day
but what could be
show me
a civilization
of such philosophy
show me
the hourglass
and the needle
through which
a kingdom
must pass
to be spared
the fate
of Atlantis

***

- 2/5/2026

If only
I could be naive
as I was
when I
was younger
believing
the lies
or simply
not knowing
the way
things truly are
has its benefit
yet once
you start
to know at least
a little
about the way
things really are
there's no
going back
you've seen
behind
the curtain
you begin
to recognize
the bullshit
and you
realize that
it's everywhere
and that's
no exaggeration
there's so much
bullshit
all around us
anymore
ignorance
is bliss
but you know
you can't go back
you can never
go back

***

- 2/6/2026

Living
in the land
of eternal Babylon
went down
to the beach
and watched
dragons
and beast
rise out of
the ocean
with crowns
adorned with
jewels
was it real
or did a book
cause me
to hallucinate
I drift
through the days
waiting for
the stars
of the east
to rise
by night
I hear
a fiddle playing
I behold a bat
flying in circles
around
a streetlight
all of those
promises
of salvation
have been
buried
in sandstorms
we know by now
not to hope
for any others
and so we won't
there are sometimes
simple ways
to avoid
complex prophecies
*** - 2/6/2026

We drift
into a time
rendered compromised
by the
arrogant fools
nothing they
have done
has ever
brought us
any closer
to the stars
we find ourselves
among them
those who have
abandoned
any reasonable
philosophy
and I'm listening
to the excuses
of fallen
monuments
I do not imagine
that I could have
foreseen
such calamity
this is it
this is the
dark mist
that envelops
those unworthy
of the light
of the cynic's
lantern
some small number
can be pressed
into service
for coin
I suppose
yet you will
eventually know
by the outcome
that they
will lack
the fire that rises
from within

for coin has
many masters
some of them
the most wicked

***

- 2/6/2026

No one
seems to seek
anymore
the hour
that lies within
all other hours
it can appear
as many things
to one
that is truly
hopeful
regarding
a vision
that allows one
to see farther
and here we are
in a time
of rattlesnakes
the sound
the sound of them
the sound
they make
we are forced
to give them
podiums
they speak
of things
that will
wither away
out on
the salt flats
of Bonneville

***

- 2/6/2026

If I don't listen
to the dreams
of a fool
then the Moon
may depart
from me
and I may not
experience
that magic
of vision
I tell you
the truth now
as much
as I can
gather it up
into a bundle
and make of it
those emblems
of fairytales
that so spark
the fire
of imagination
I tell you
with sincerity
what I have
to confess
is that I
did not rebel
enough
against all
of those
tidal waves
of conformity
we had
a lovely garden
at one time
yet we stopped
believing
in the serpents
of Mars
and then
one day
they arrived
and took
possession

of our lovely
garden
and then
sold it
to an oil company

***

- 2/6/2026

I stand within
the wonder
of an ethereal
architecture
I see many doors
each one
leads to a place
in the past
we have had
our dreams
and from them
emerged a vision
a structure
a building
a place where
what is now
can connect
with what
has been
each room
is a part of
a different era
in time
through each
and every window
one may gaze
upon the world
that has always
stayed within
our memory
I stand here now
within this wonder
that the architects
have dreamt of
with that light
of magic
that was
within them
all along

***

- 2/6/2026

It's one of
those times
when you question
if what
is happening
is real
I can't say
I've ever
experienced it
before
like I'm
experiencing
it now
this takes
the cake
the crown
it wins
the prize
of all prizes
tops them all
leaving me
more confused
than ever
about the world
and the mysterious
forces
of the irrational
and whatever
other cause
there may be
behind occurrences
that just
make no damn sense
at all

***

-2/6/2026

Be the fleas
that bite
at the ankles
of the tyrants
be the seagulls
that crap
on the tyrants
limousine
be the rabbits
that dig up
and make a mess
out of
the tyrant's
nice flowerbed
be the
punk pranksters
that leave
a flaming
brown paper bag
full of dog crap
at the tyrant's
front door
and ring
the doorbell
repeatedly
at two o'clock
in the morning

***

- 2/6/2026

The silence
is a sweet song
in this
hour of night
the silence
is a connection
to the night
to the world
to the time
before memory
the silence
is a presence
in the absence
of presence
the silence itself
is very prophetic
of the future world
something
that was once
present
is no longer
yet it has left
a trace
of its presence
a faint echo
that lingers
for it can
withstand
the passage
of time
it is like
a pillar
along the edge
of the sea
the tides
go in and out
yet the pillar
stands
through
the passing years

***

-2/7/2026

Do not
seek salvation
where you know
it cannot
be found
who will
remember us
a century
from now
if we use
the word
and we use it well
perhaps
we may be
remembered for it
so give us
something now
that seems
as pleasant
as an old
familiar song
tell us
truthfully
where can
we possibly go
in this world
of snow
in this peace
where it seems
like winter
never yields
to spring
the endless snow
is as
a right of passage
if you can
adapt to
its continued
presence
so find us there
in the land
of the endless
winter wind

***

- 2/7/2026

A thousand truths
a thousand truths
a thousand windows
in an old
Victorian house
with a thousand rooms
for every room
there is a window
so a thousand rooms
makes for a tally
of a thousand windows
and through
each window
there is
a unique sight
to see
through each window
one may see
a different world
out there
through each window
there is
a unique view
of a thousand worlds
a thousand worlds
to be seen
through
a thousand windows
each dawn
when the sky
is clear
a thousand rooms
grow brighter
when a thousand Suns
rise in a thousand skies
the light
of a thousand stars

***

- 2/7/2026

Let us go
and fly
like the hawks fly
in the bright
afternoon sky
let us test
that old belief
that one
cannot change
the manner
of their own being
let us seek
to discover
if we may indeed
give ourselves wings
to fly in
the bright azure
of the afternoon
shapeshifting
is but
a little remembered
art form
of mystery
I feel
let us go
and prove
to those
that doubt
that they
are wrong
let us go
and find
that we can
indeed
be given wings
by the great
mystery
of all things
let us fly
let us fly
in the bright blue
of the afternoon sky

***

- 2/7/2026

I have searched
for my muse
all around
this small
isolated corner
of the globe
I have yet
to find
yet to find
my muse
yet where
I search
I have found
the lingering
traces
of corporations
that have sent out
their orcs
and goblins
and mercenary birds
about the fields
of tall grass
about the hills
about the valley
about the quiet
desolate woods
to be found
in this
remote corner
of the world
my muse
I have not seen
I have found
only signs
that tell me
that corporations
were once here
seeing what
if any
profits could be
made
acquired
given monetary
value
and transferred
to banks
on tropical islands

*** - 2/7/2026

When the flies
bite us now
we hardly stir
the very
pulse of energy
that flowed
within us
has been
diminished now
we cannot give
a single reason
for there are many
they are complex
intricate
with technological
ingenuity
with perception
altering
mind
body
and the soul
distressing
if allowed
to take possession
of one's faculties
and mental drive
in this form
we are
of flesh and spirit
machines
and technology
present us with
challenges
and opportunities
the horizon
of the future
is not yet
in view
let us go forth
with boldness
yet let us bring
a reverence
for all that
it took
for the journey made

that brought us here
to this moment
in time

***

- 2/7/2026

A house of mirrors
it all seems
and broken ones
at that
when the best dreams
ascend
not so high
then fall to Earth
like stone monuments
from the sky
what do you
pretend to
believe in now
I have been
rendered numb
by the cold
sting
of winter
when it has
all crumbled
to dust
now scattered
that ivory palace
that was
built out of lies
tomorrow
simply seems
like an illusion
to me now
I will see
the Sun rise again
yet the world
that it shall
give light to
is now but
a mirage
to fade away
upon proximity
the honest mind
cannot comprehend
what made it so

***

- 2/7/2026

I wander
streets of nowhere
in my thoughts
I sail
upon a schooner
tonight
from my
living room
my mind keeps
drifting away
to other places
I see them
so clearly
I am there
I am truly there
they say
that I can't be
two places
at the same time
yet sometimes
they are wrong
even though
they say
that they can't
be wrong

***

- 2/7/2026

They told us
this was
a good place
that here
the Sunlight
was the essence
of gold
this turned out
to be
just another
tall tale
it wasn't
a good place
and the Sunlight
wasn't the essence
of gold
just more
meaningless words
from the
meaningless palace
no such
celestial favor
such as light
of essence of gold
is given here
there is
none of this
yet there are
rotten apples
enough for
us all
an abundance
of them
we need
never concern
ourselves
with being
without
the rotten apple

***

- 2/8/2026

I did not
set out
to be immersed
in this mist
of solitude
it was
an unfortunate
result
of the morning's
reverence
for alchemy
elements
of ancient
conception
instruments
and notations
vapor .... glass
a wood bench
for discovery
a mist
such an
extremely rare
and mysterious
mist
has come into
existence
in this world
we see the Sun
shining through it
on the opposite
side of the Sun
the side
we don't see
there is a vast
celestial horizon
full of a hundred
times a thousand
worlds of beauty
and enlightened
philosophy

***

- 2/7/2026

The hour
is a seashell
through which
one may listen
and hear
the sounds
along the shore
of Athens
Greece
twenty five hundred
years ago
listening
to a place
of such
philosophy
and dreams
listen well
through
the seashell
listen back
through time
the miracle
is ours
let us seize it
joyously

***

- 2/7/2026

How I embrace
the silence now
it is a symphony
most to
my liking
when there are
no sounds
to hear
of those aspects
of the world
that cause me
to be weary
out here
in the forest
at dawn
the silence here
is as an immortal
divine thing
it is grace
and epiphany
wrapped together
it is that
which brings
illumination
to my soul
it is the very
essence
of tranquility
a new hour
a new day
the immaculate
silence
anoints this
perception
with a calm
that sets in
and that I embrace
most willingly

***

- 2/7/2026